

FANTASTIC 150th ISSUE COMPETITION INSIDE!

MARVEL®
27th Apr 91

THE REAL

№150 55p

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GHSTBUSTERS™

**FREE
BOOK
MARK!**



ISSN 0954-9404



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Movie Makers



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He's mean, he's metallic and he's back. Yes, as we celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, we witness the return of the Ghostbusters' robobuster in an exhilarating excursion into the world of the supernatural in **ECTO-X 2!**

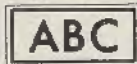
You would not believe the exciting things that are going out on this comic. Firstly, there's the exclusive **Ghostbusters Book Mark**, unavailable anywhere else, then there's an unbelievably fabby competition. How would you like to design your very own spook and then have a groovy Ghostbusters adventure written around it? Well, that's the prize in the fantastic **Design-A-Spook** competition!

Don't miss next week's issue as there is a fantastic **BEETLEJUICE** competition inside.

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Cover by ANDY LANNING, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

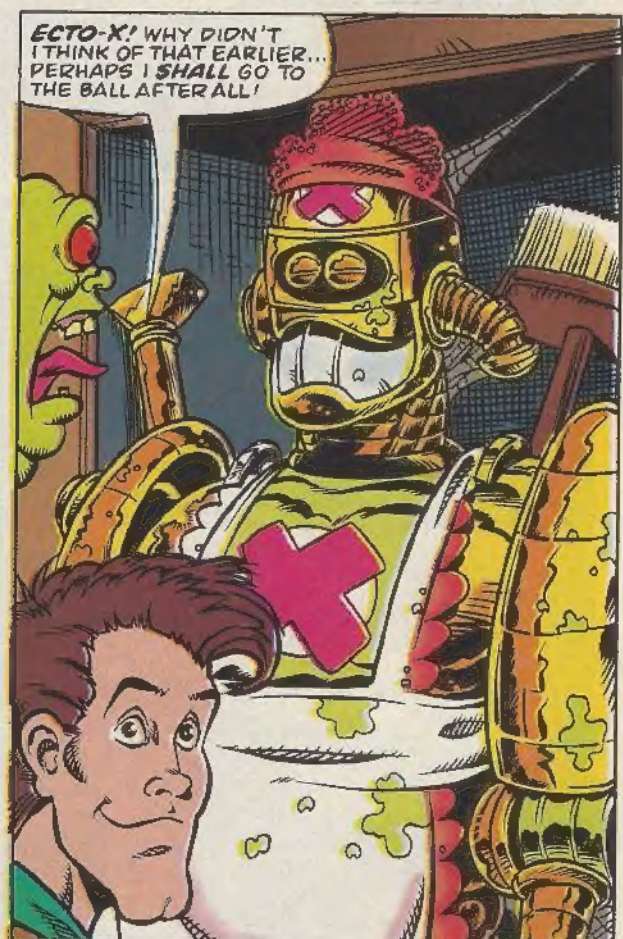


JANINE
MELNITZ

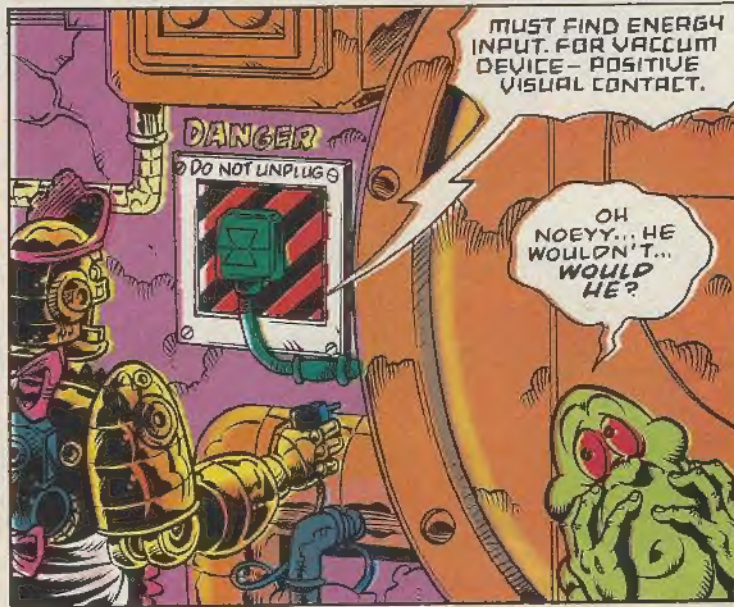
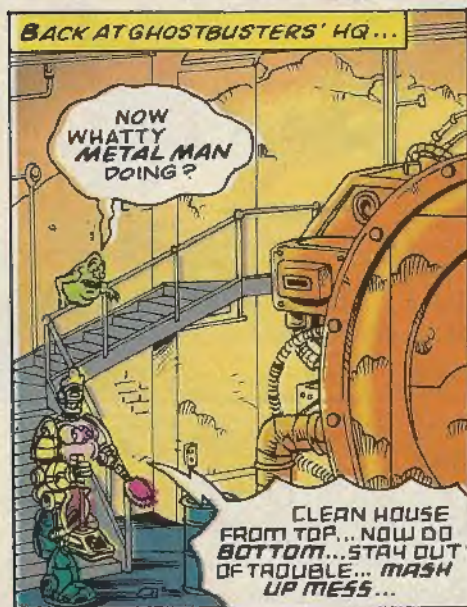
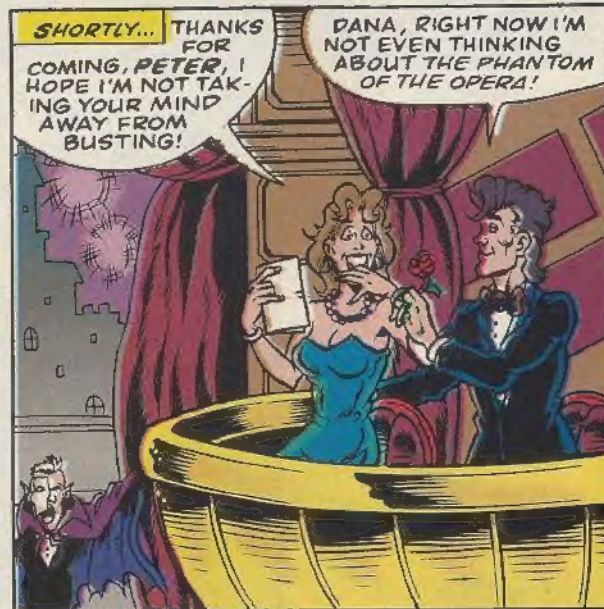
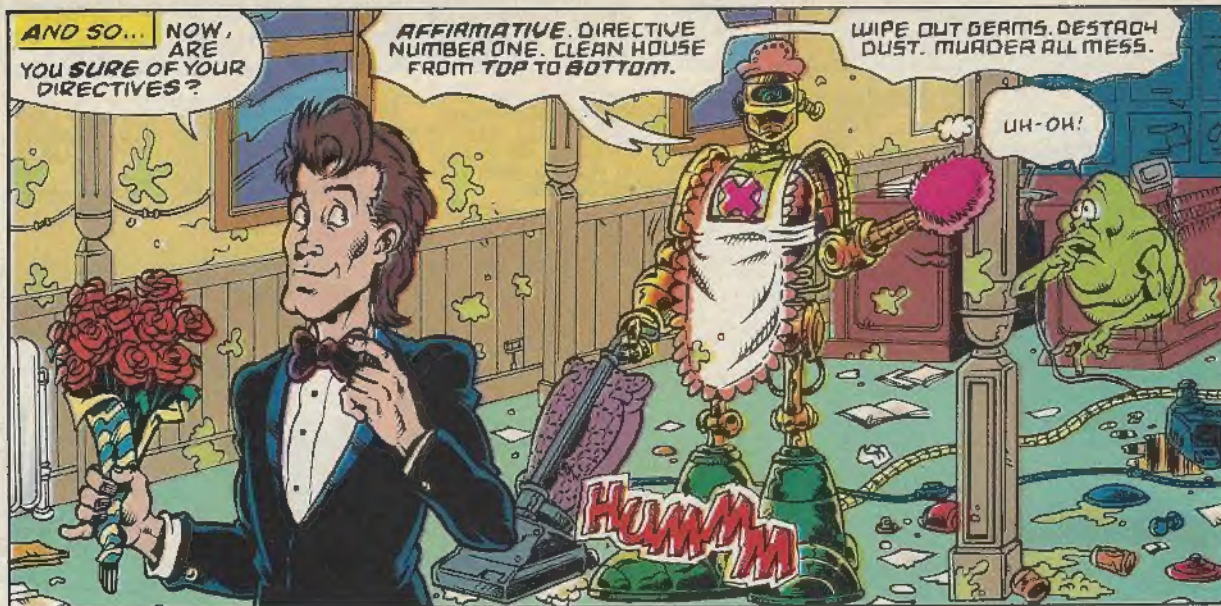


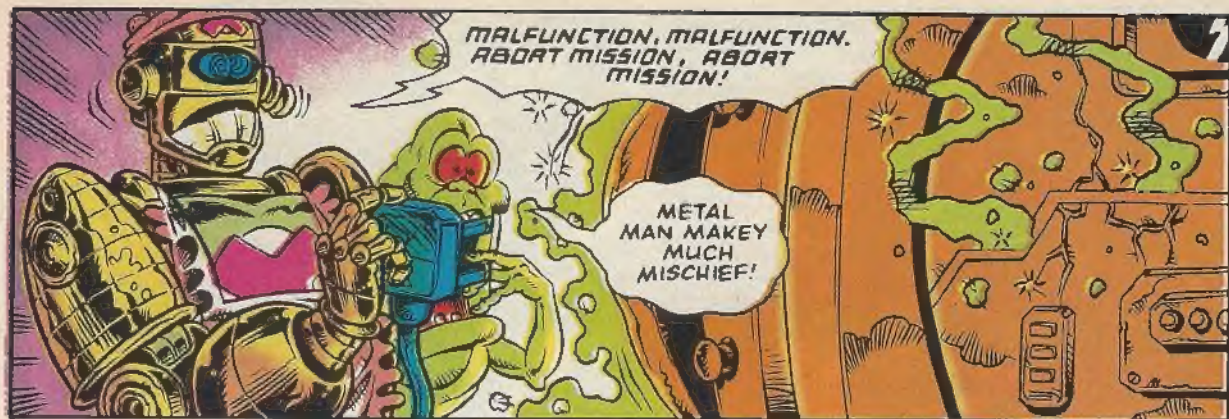
SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

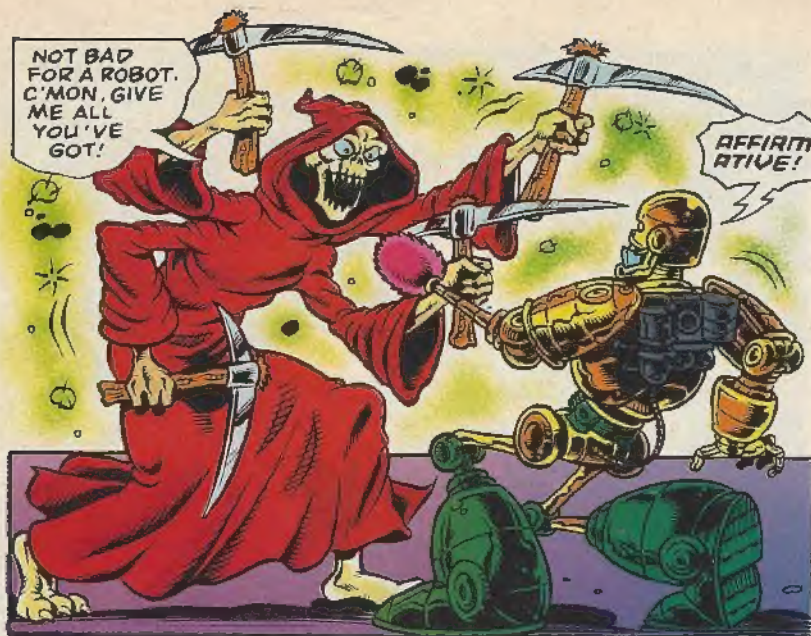


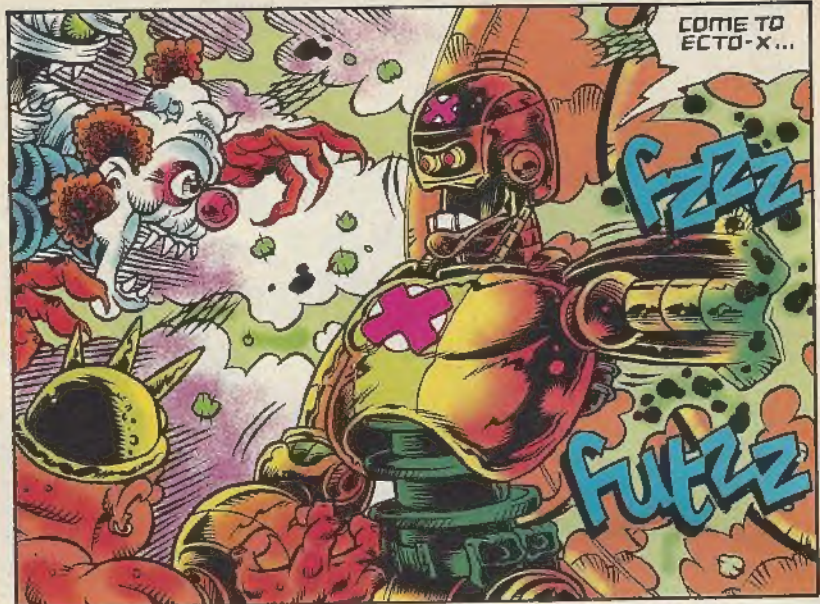
ECTO-X2











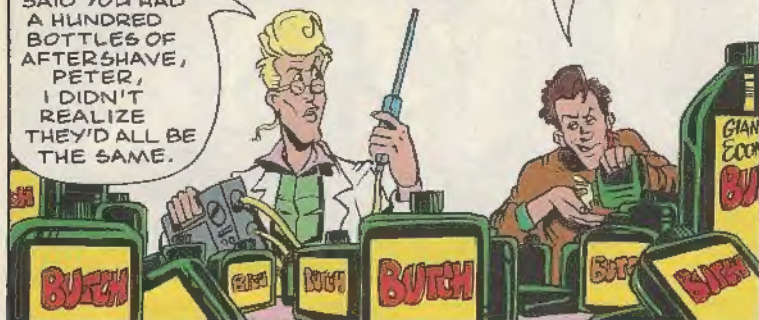
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

JANINE'S LUNCH ENGAGEMENT!

Egon is testing a new improved sniffer.

WHEN YOU SAID YOU HAD A HUNDRED BOTTLES OF AFTERSHAVE, PETER, I DIDN'T REALIZE THEY'D ALL BE THE SAME.

WOMEN FIND THE SMELL IRRESISTABLE, EGON. WHY TEMPT FATE AND CHANGE THINGS?



BUT I NEED A VARIETY OF CHEMICAL ODOURS TO TEST OUT THE NEW SNIFFER PROPERLY.

I KNOW. ASK TO BORROW JANINE'S PERFUME COLLECTION. SHE'S GOT MORE SCENTS THAN A DOLLAR BILL.



BUT BE WARNED, EGON. WOMEN CAN BE VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT SUCH THINGS. BETTER ASK HER 'SPECIAL NICE'.

PETER, NOTHING SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO STAND IN THE WAY OF SCIENCE.



IS THAT THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE RESTAURANT? I'D LIKE TO BOOK A TABLE FOR TWO.

"FLUME" WHO'S HE TAKING OUT, THE DOUBLE CROSSING...



OH, I'M PLEASED IT'S YOU, JANINE. HOW ABOUT LUNCH TOMORROW?

LUNCH? US?

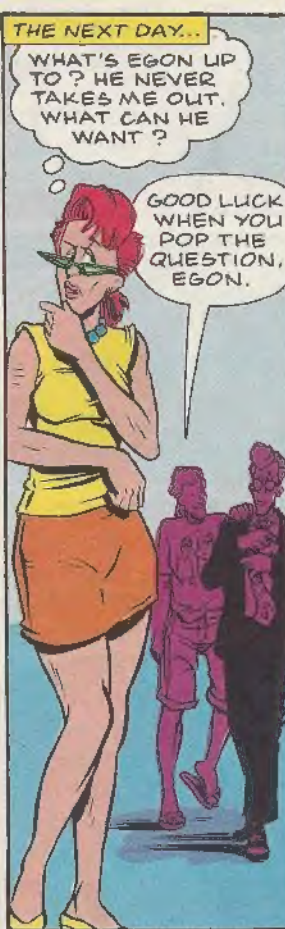
WHAT'S THE CATCH?



THE NEXT DAY...

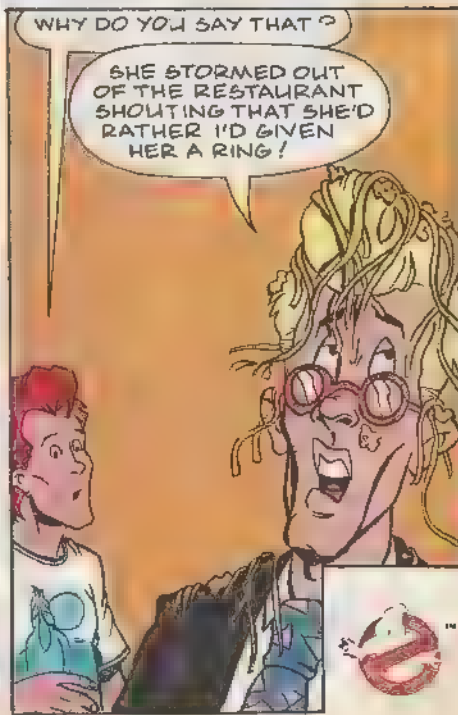
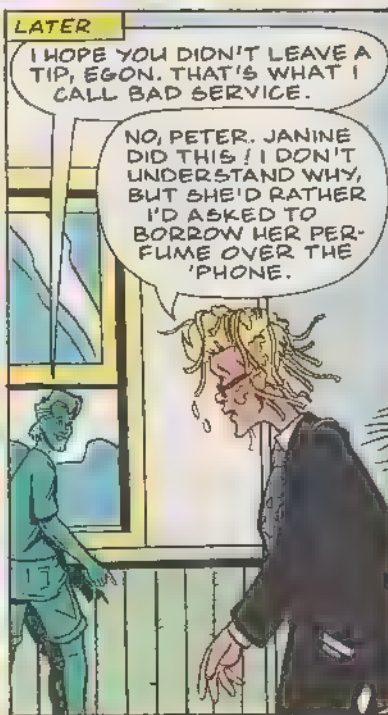
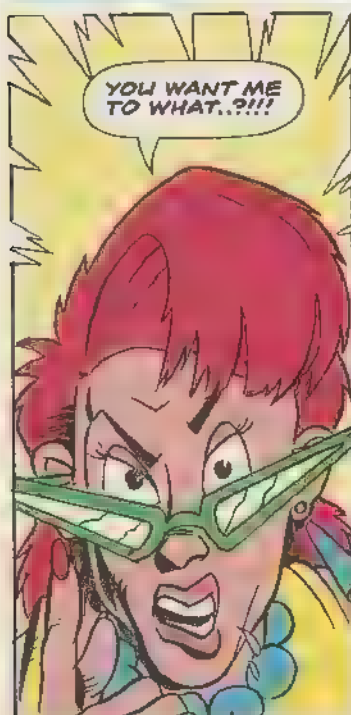
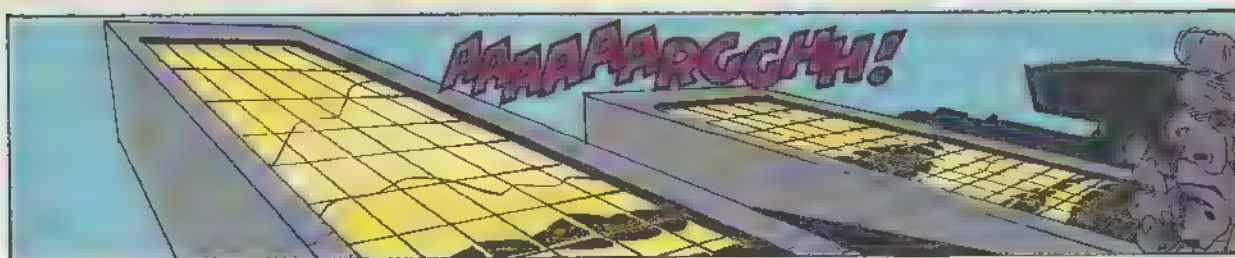
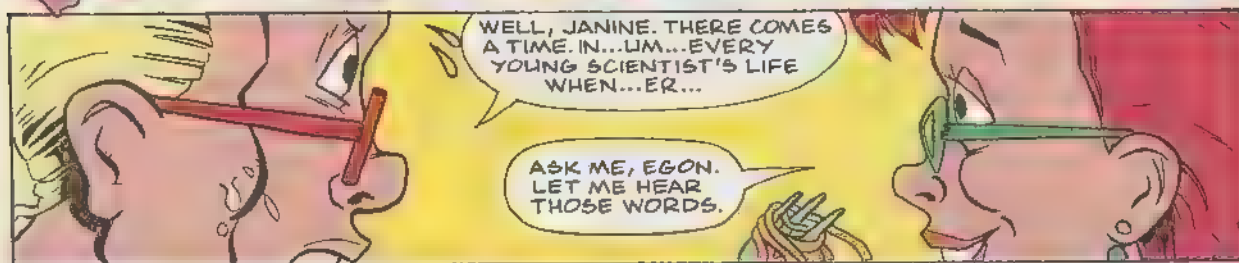
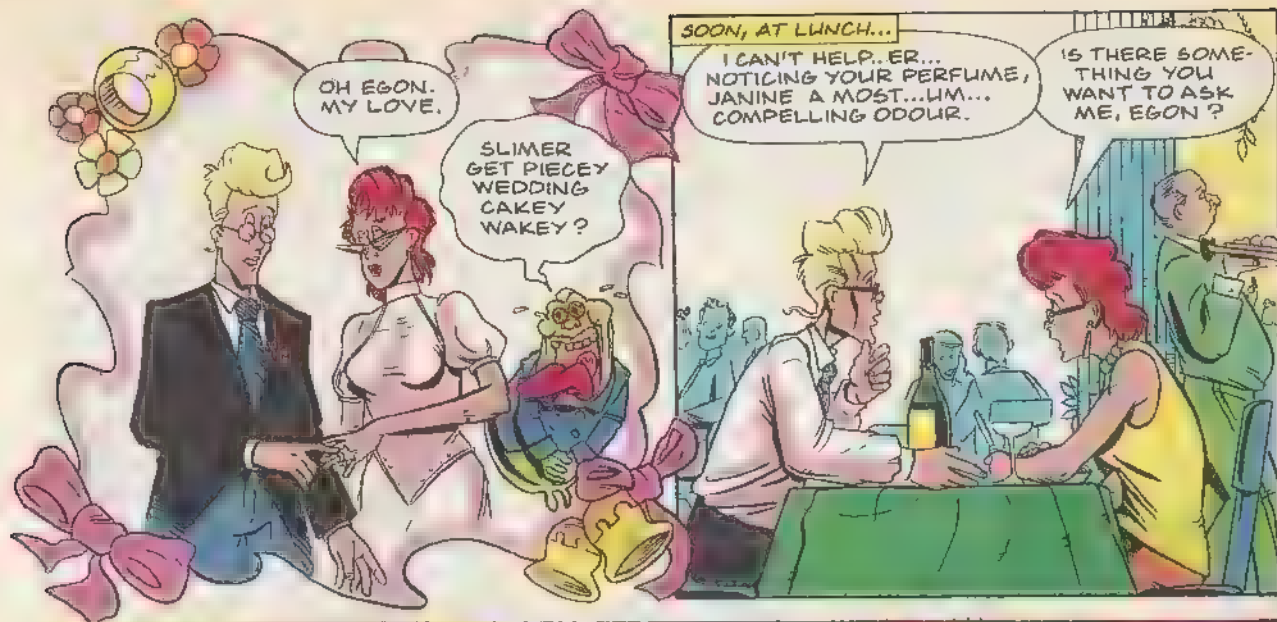
WHAT'S EGON UP TO? HE NEVER TAKES ME OUT. WHAT CAN HE WANT?

GOOD LUCK WHEN YOU POP THE QUESTION, EGON.



"POP THE QUESTION"? THAT CAN ONLY MEAN...





SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

One hundred and fifty weeks ago, I wrote the first Spengler's Spirit Guide. Yesterday, I wrote a note for the milkman asking for an extra pint of skimmed. The difference? Well, for one thing, the milkman read the note...

All right now, I am being unfair. A great number of you do pay attention to the invaluable information I pass on in these columns, but it never ceases to amaze me that I often still get letters asking me to explain the simplest and most obvious facts about the Supercosmos. Here, as a sort of appendix to the Guide so far, I'll try and answer once and for all the basic points.

'When should you cross the streams?' – Jake Pegg, Erith, Kent.

If the streams are nice babbling ones in a pretty meadow, there should be no problem. Take a short run up. If you're talking protonic streams, the answer is never under any circumstances.

'There's something strange living in my house. Who should I call?' – Denise Knocking, Crabhamster. I can't believe you're asking this. Look us up in the phone book. Unless the something strange is a member of your family.

'When does "Nasty Peculiarity" become "Bad Crazyiness"?' – Norbert Almanac, Frumply Town, East Loathing.



PART 150

At about half past scared to death, on or around the afternoon of the fifth of terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought.

'With respect to my last question, how often does "never under any circumstances" happen?' – Jake Pegg, Erith, Kent.
About three times a week.

'I have three gremlins, who all go blerty quite well, but I can't get them to do it in a synchronised way. What should I do?' – Edith Spickett, Wortle, Blimphampton.
Thank your lucky stars.

'I'd like to get involved with any Pro-Celebrity Muffling being played in my area. Can you advise?' – Winne Mandolin, Clump Hall, Brickbat-on-the-Squirrel.
You must ask yourself two questions: Can you moffle?

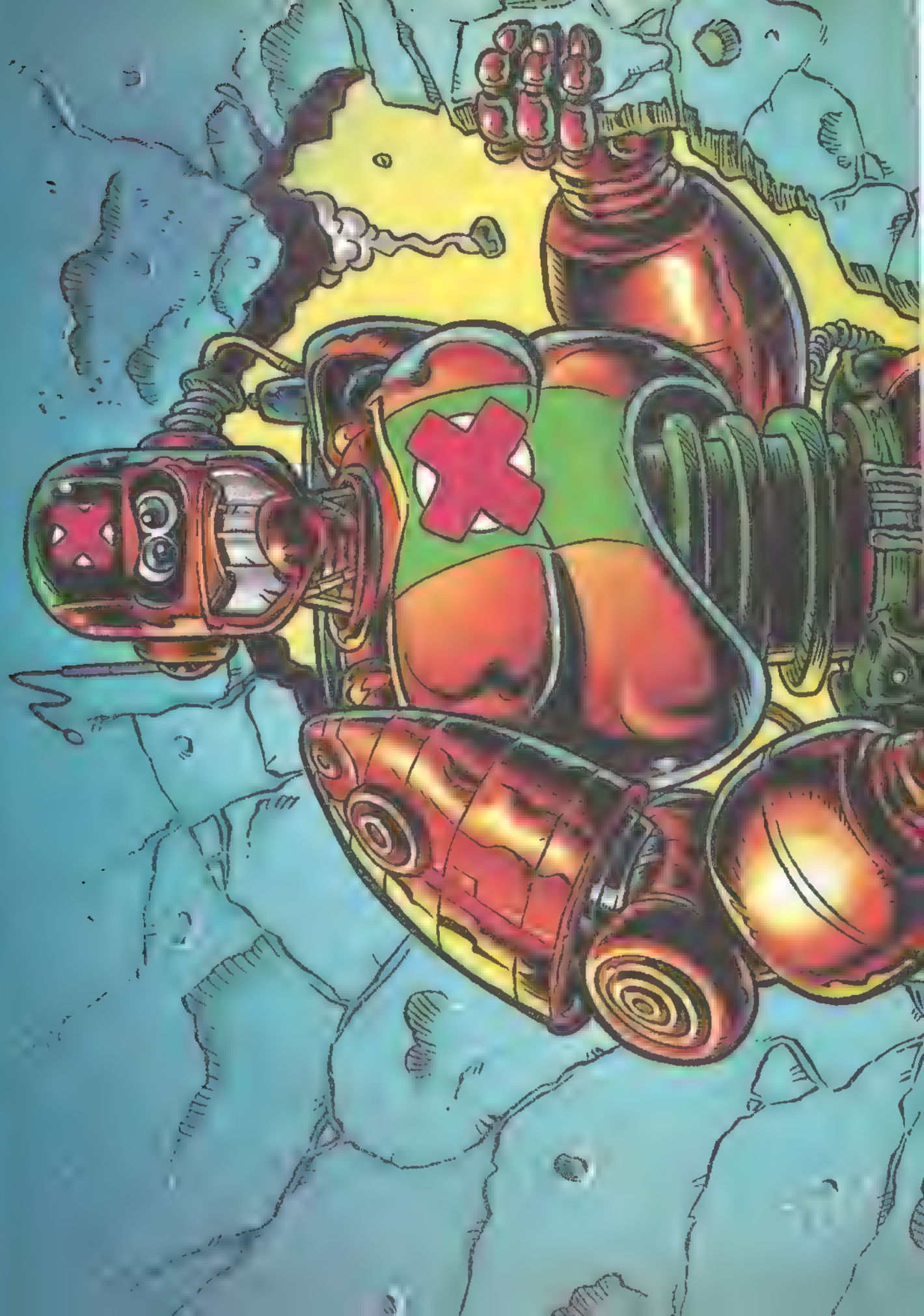
GUIDE

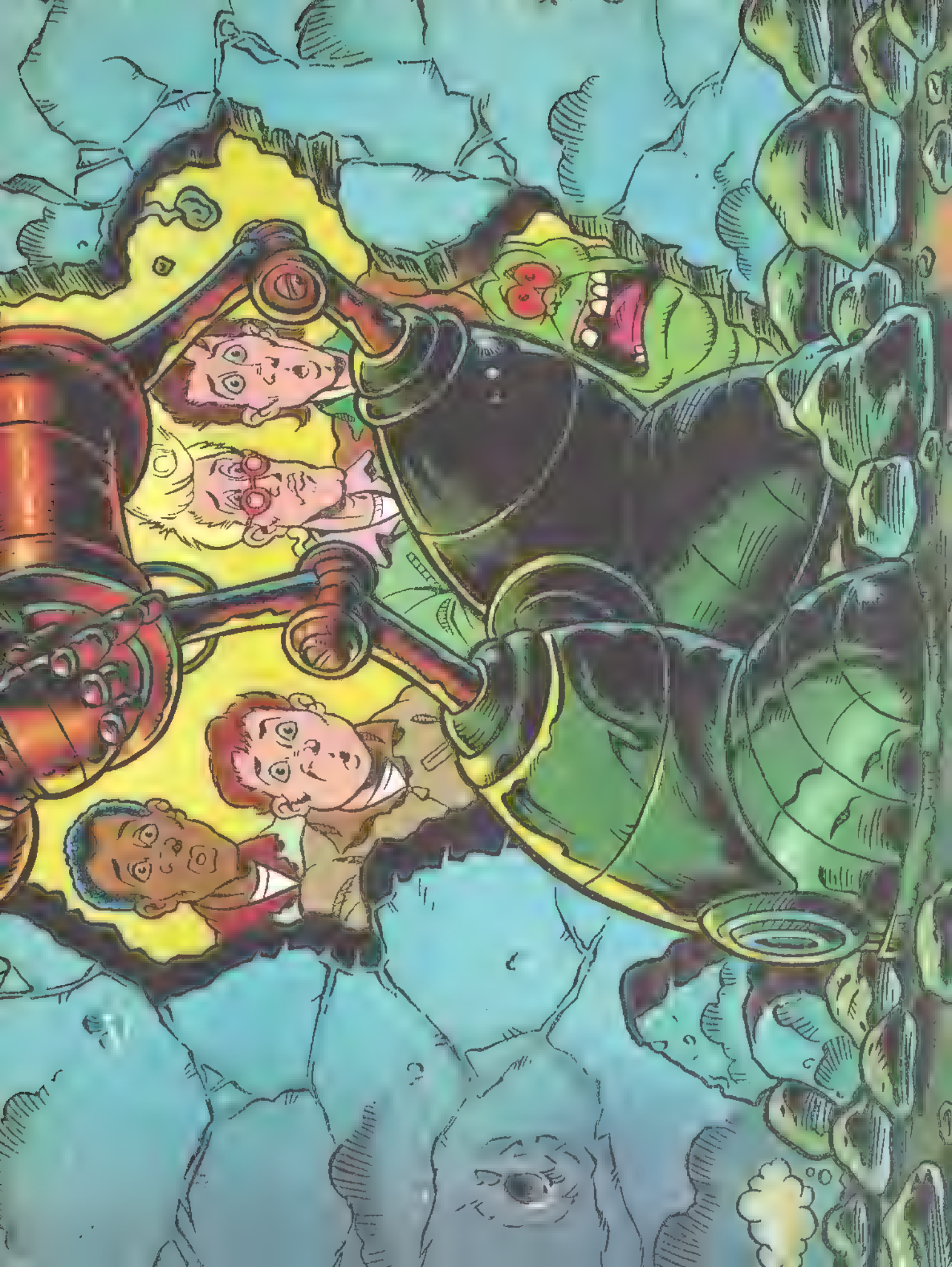
and Are you a celebrity? If the answer to either, or both, of these is no, I suggest you take up something a little less dangerous, like Tiger Shaving, or International Falling Off Tall Buildings.

'What is the punchline to the Watt Dowelrod riddle "When, i'faith, does the faire-below galliard take unto its bosom a quintain of measured snuff fore to wassail a while in milady's jig a merry down do down derry nonny nonny?"' – John Stoa, Wilkinsonford, Greater Lungchester.

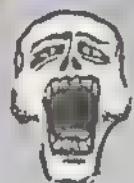
If you'd read your *Merrie Jigs And Foibles From The Courte Of Prince Hal The Abbreviated*, you'd know it was "by a lambkin, 'tis the verry stuff of bowers that doth take to mine smitten heart the nonsuch songe which, fore-sooth must prithe be again the sorry sorry rhyme of all good fellows who lie abed in these malingering noons and who cry i'faith to all and sundry that it is a fine widdershins, and annoint me roughly, who so verily falleth down when the shoelaces doth dangle longer than the purse strings and then some, milord, and a halibut, hey nonny nonny " It's a crac

'I am a psychic with a dreadful secret. Should I make it public?' – George Spinnet, Shockley, North Hump.
I am a telepath with a sense of decency. No.





DEAD TRUE!



n the border between Suffolk and Essex stands the most haunted house in Britain. Borley Rectory, a gloomy, 23-room house, was built for a reverend, but as soon as he and his family moved in they started hearing creepy noises at night. Footsteps, strange tapping noises, ringing bells and muffled voices could be heard, and sometimes even the sound of ghostly chanting from the local church! A spooky nun was soon seen walking the grounds at night, along with a spectral coach, complete with coachman and fire breathing horses!

Years later, the Smiths lived there. They were so disturbed by the ghosts, and the poltergeist activity, that they got in touch with Harry Price, England's most famous ghost hunter. He and his team actually docu-

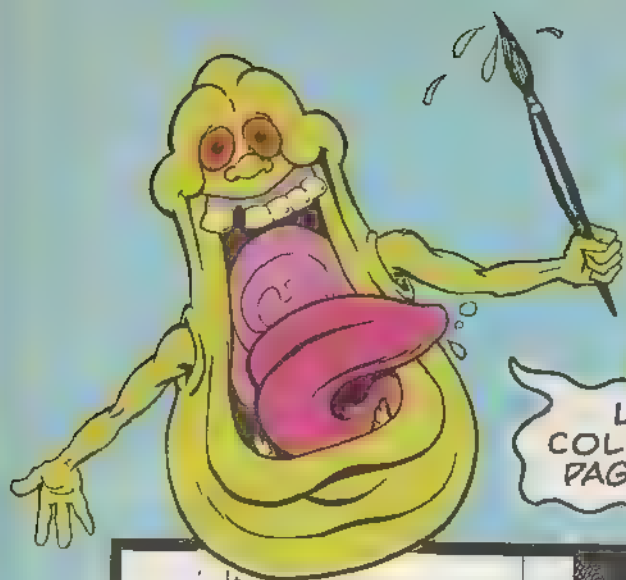
mented their findings for the National Library of Psychical Research. They reported sudden drops in temperature, strange smells, objects such as books and soap being thrown across rooms, phantom footsteps and doorbells that rang by themselves. But he was unable to rid Borley of the disturbances.

The next occupants suffered most severely. The Reverend L.A. Foyster and his wife moved there in October 1930. Poor Mrs Foyster seemed to be the focus for much of the haunting – she would be slapped by an invisible hand and was even thrown out of bed in the middle of the night. Odd messages were scribbled on walls, and bits of paper would be found lying around with words such as "Prayers" and "Mass" written on them. Harry Price was consulted once again, to no avail. For a

year, Price and his team put the mansion through the most exhaustive investigations and the results were eventually published in a book entitled *The Most Haunted House In England*.

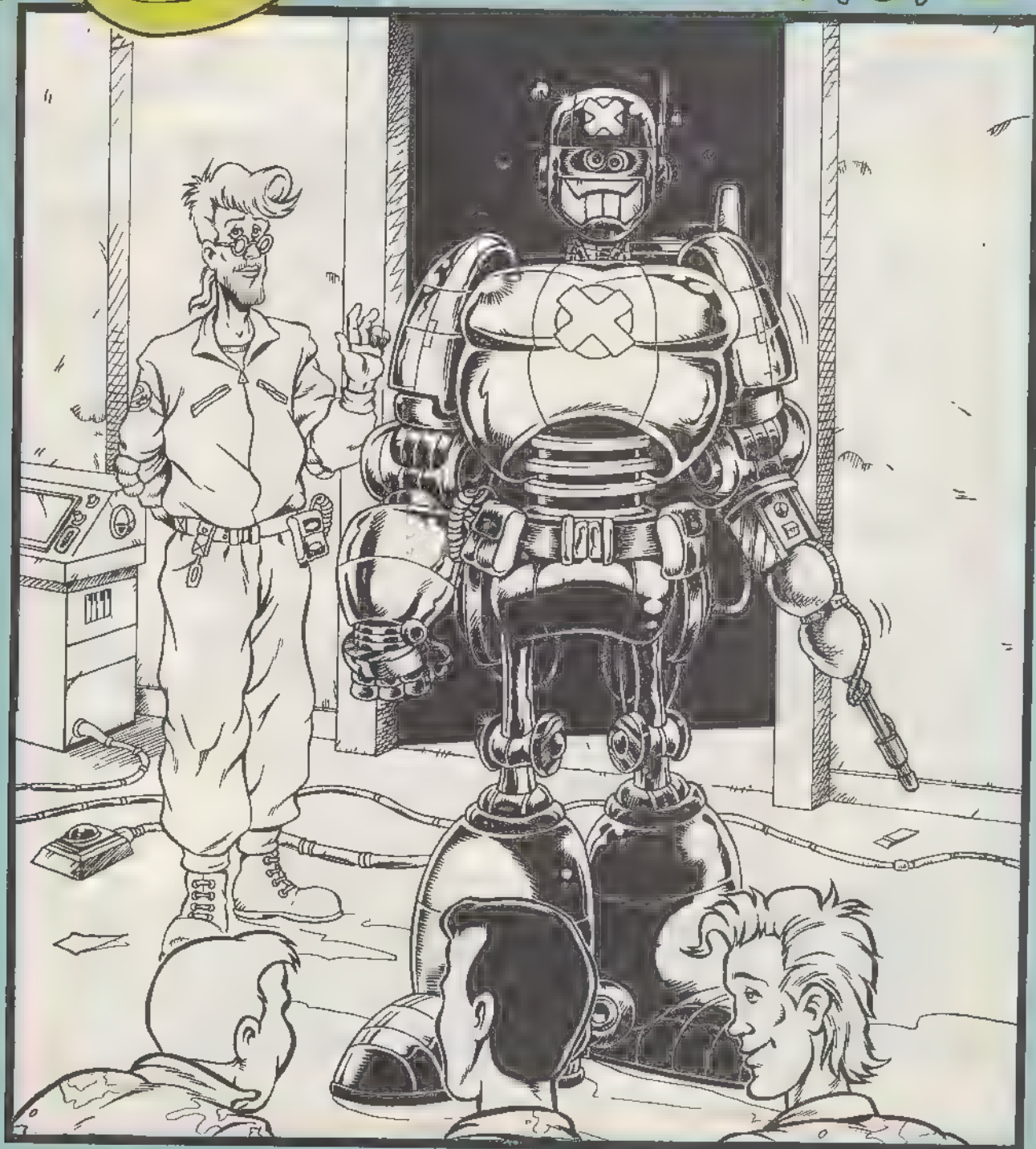
Shortly after his death, a Daily Mail reporter claimed that Price had been a fraud, creating the phenomena himself during his initial investigations at the house. In 1955, three of Price's colleagues claimed that nearly all of the poltergeist activity could be attributed to Mrs Foyster, who hated the place and wanted to move away. The ghostly coach and the nun were folklore and legend, they added.

Public opinion, however, was divided. In 1939, the hideous old building burnt down – but spectral sightings in the area are still fairly commonplace.



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



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MARVEL
NO. 5
APRIL/MAY

THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER

PACKED
WITH
PUZZLES!



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE 28th MARCH

SPENGLESTEIN'S MONSTER!

In the dark lounge of Ghostbusters' HQ, the video machine went grrng-clip and ejected the cassette. Roused by the noise, Peter, Ray and Winston stirred groggily and woke up. Peter fell off the sofa.

'Is it over?' he asked.

'This always happens,' murmured Winston. 'We work so hard, we're too tired to stay awake through a movie. I don't think we'll ever see 'Braid of Frankenstein' right the way through.'

'I fell asleep during that lace-making sequence in the old castle,' said Ray, rubbing his eyes.

'That was right before the really excellent bit with the crochet hooks,' Winston told him, getting up. 'Oh well, I'm going to call it a day, guys.'

'I'm going to call it a middle-of-the-night,' said Peter. 'Where's Egon?'

'Still in his lab working, I guess,' Ray shrugged. 'Burning the midnight oil again.'

'If he does that much more, we're going to have to buy some more midnight oil.' They trudged up the stairs. 'Shall I look in on him and tell him we're turning in?' asked Peter.

'Don't bother him,' Ray replied. 'He'll only complain that you disturbed him.'

'Disturbed,' mused Peter. 'Now there's a good word. . .'

Egon took the oscilatron and carefully connected it to the framistat with three retaining bolts and a piece of spearmint gum. He took a step back to admire his work, and then turned his attention to the elaborate blueprints he had spread out across the bench, the stool, five square metres of the floor and the top of the wardrobe.

'Hmmm . . . good,' he said to himself, quietly. 'I should have the entire cybernetic cortex assembled by . . . ohhh, dawn at least. What I need right now is a

positronic randomiser.' He looked about the untidy junk on the bench.

'It's next to the mega-watt damper.'

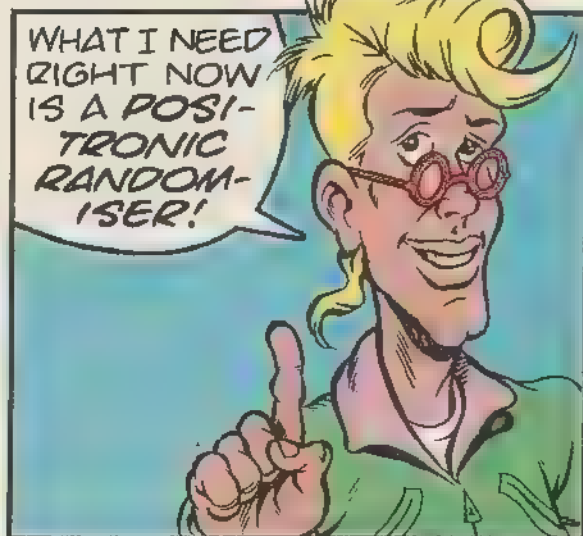
'So it is,' said Egon, spotting it and reaching out.

'Talking to yourself?'

'Oh yes,' said Egon, fiddling with the randomiser. 'It's always a good sign that things are going well. Although,' he paused and looked up thoughtfully, 'I must say that this is the first time I've answered back when I've talked to myself.'

He thought about it for a moment longer. Satisfied that he could think no more about it, Egon said 'Ooer!' and dropped the randomiser with a start.

'Who are you?' Egon asked the pale, indistinct figure in the corner of the room.



'Don't be alarmed,' replied the ghost, stepping forward (through the bench). 'I am a friend.' The ghost was tall and elderly, and dressed in an old frock coat and cravat. He wore glasses and sideburn whiskers, and had a prominent blond quiff. 'I am your distant ancestor, Victor Spenglestein. I have been watching you with interest for some time, my young

descendant. So interested was I in your current work, that I thought I'd put in an appearance.'

'Victor Spenglestein? The automatronic pioneer?' Egon stepped forward, all fear gone. 'I'm one of your greatest admirers. It's a pleasure.' They went to shake hands, but their hands passed through one another's. The thought was there, however, and Victor smiled. 'May I . . . see your work, Egon?'

'Of course!' Egon nodded, and pulled back the dust sheet to reveal the half-finished form of Ecto-X Mark II on the lab table.

'Wonderful . . . wonderful!' cried Victor, clapping his hands together. 'Oh, what I wouldn't have done for a protonic mesonconverter back in 1875!'

'Your technology was limited back then, wasn't it?' asked Egon.

'Indeed. I had to make do with steam pistons, string and a Mechano basic set.' Victor leant forward and studied the complex creation. 'How is it powered?' he asked.

'De-fibrilating quark combustion runs through a ninety kilo-watt mass energiser and fifty HP7 batteries,' said Egon.

'Amazing. My poor design relied on the energy I could derive from yeast and wheat product. Most unsatisfactory.'

'Come now,' rounded Egon encouragingly. 'Your use of bread rolls and wholewheat baps was a major breakthrough.'

'It also got me into a great deal of trouble. I needed so much bread, it caused a riot at the local bakery.'

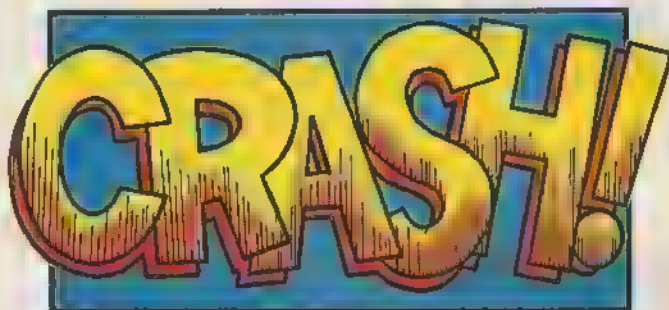
'I read about that in your autobiography. Maybe you shouldn't have run into the bakery shouting 'Loaf! Give my creation loaf!''

'Maybe...' said Victor. He reached out a pale hand and touched the dials of the energy feed reactor on the bench side.

'And what does this do?' he asked.

'Don't touch that!' cried Egon, but it was too late. There was a brief but brilliant power surge and the half-finished form of Ecto-X did an energetic piece of breakdancing before falling off the bench onto the floor. Unfortunately, Egon was underneath.

'I'm trapped!' cried Egon, struggling to wriggle out from under the dead weight on top of him. 'Help me out from under here.' Victor hurried over and tried in vain to lift the metal lump. 'I'm sorry, Egon, I really am. I can't budge it.'



Egon was about to explain to his ancestor quite how stupid he thought he was, when there was a rumbling crash from across the lab. A massive, monstrous ghost appeared, heavy and misshapen, fully nine feet tall, lumbering forward on massive boots with its arms stretched out in front of it like a sleepwalker's.

'Bread...' it hissed, '...bread!'

'My monster!' wailed Victor, 'It swore to pursue me forever after the trouble I caused it, it's found me here!'

'Spenglestein... you will pay!' intoned the monster, and reached down to pick up the fallen hulk of Ecto-X which it hefted above its head ready to throw.

'I'd better go,' said Victor apologetically.

'Of course,' said Egon, struggling clear now he was free. 'I understand.'

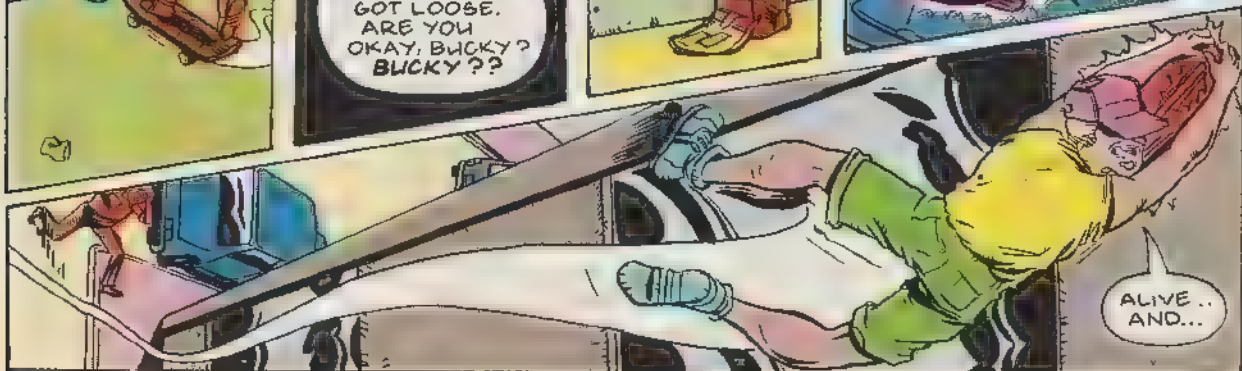
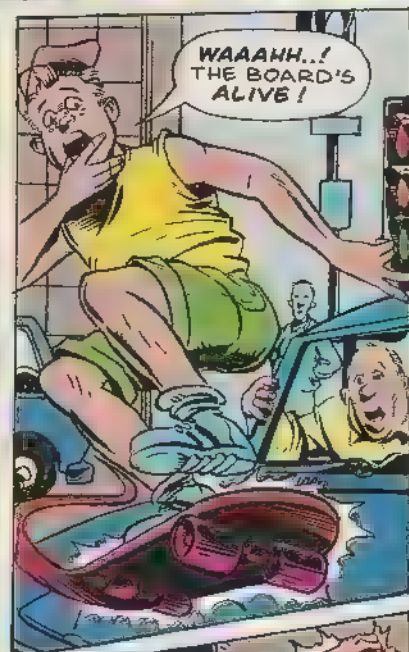
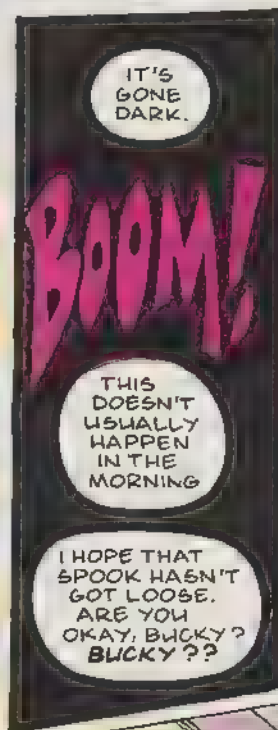
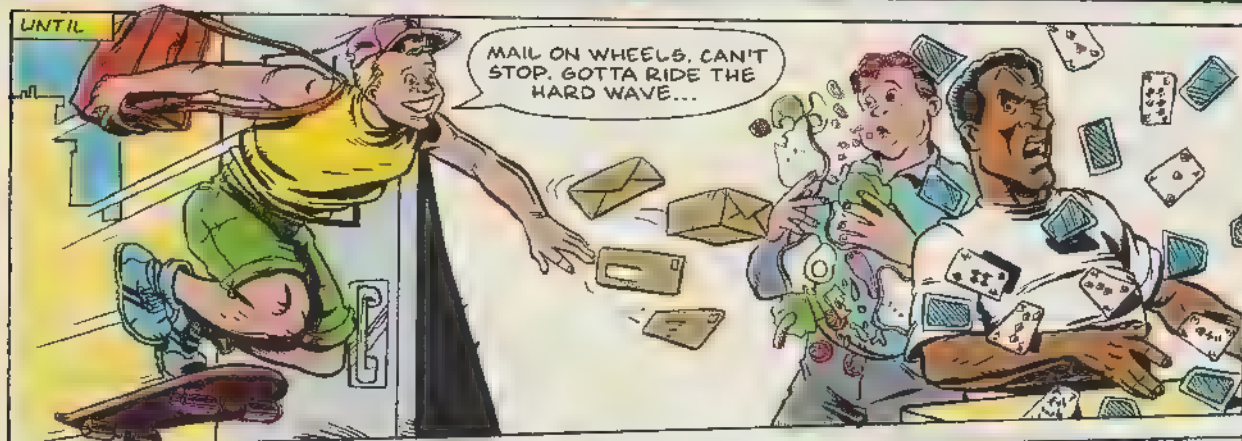
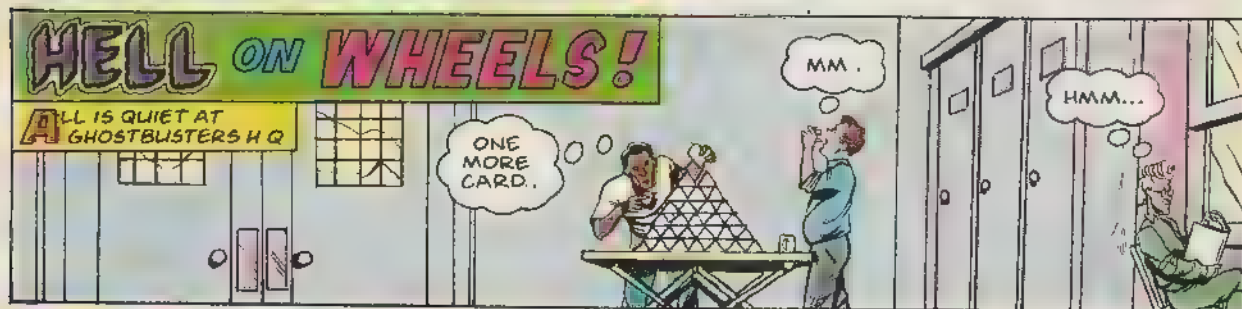
'Be seeing you!' cried Victor and vanished.

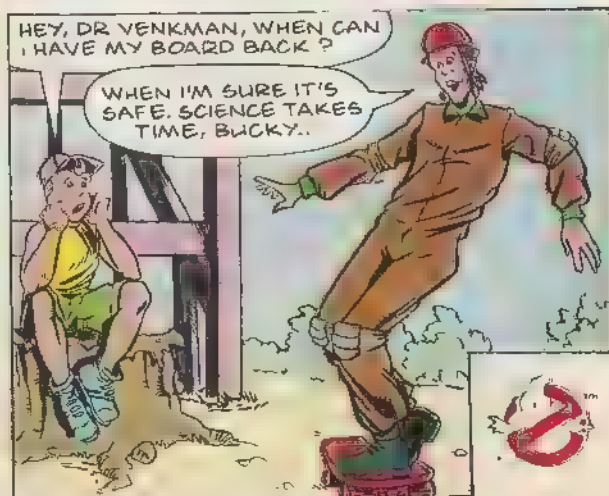
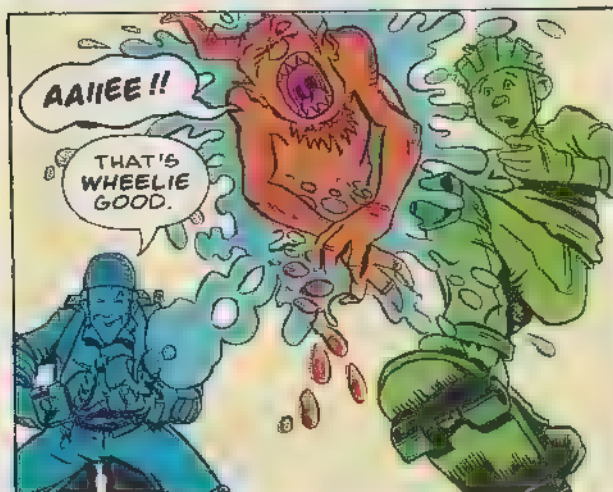
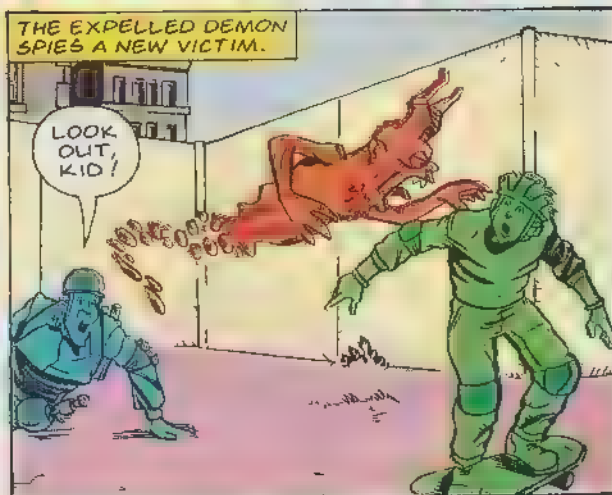
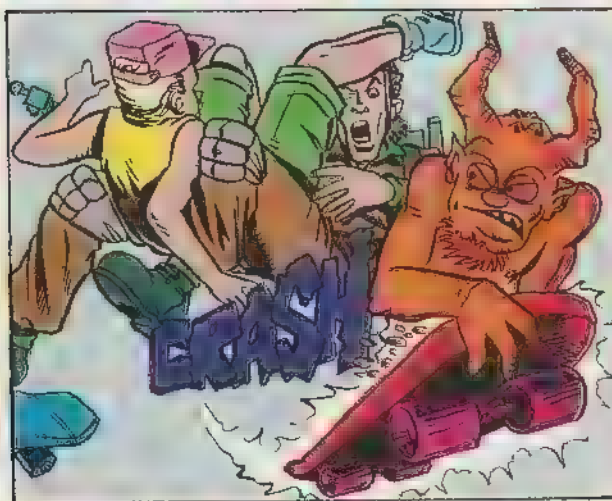
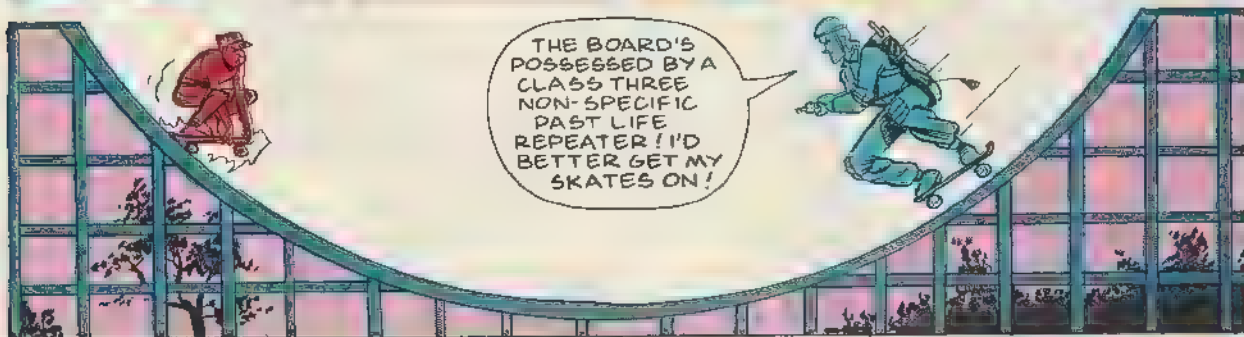
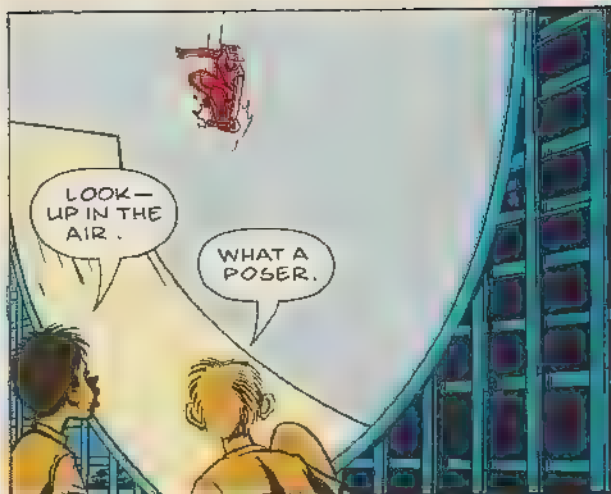
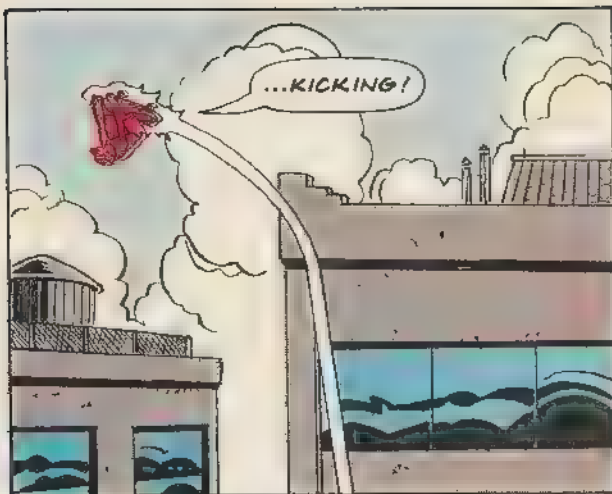
'Darn it,' moaned the monster, putting the wreckage of Ecto-X down and turning on his heels. 'He's always doing that.' The monster turned to Egon just before he disappeared. 'Sorry about the mess,' he added.

Egon looked around the lab in confusion. Ecto-X lay in a shattered heap on the floor, but the mess was still repairable. With a few hours work, Egon knew he could finish it and have a walking, talking creation of his own. He thought for a moment.

'Nah...' he muttered, shaking his head, and went to bed.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





DESIGN-A-SPOOK COMPETITION

One hundred and fifty issues old and still alive and spooking! Although there has been an awesome rogue's gallery of witches, werewolves, ghosts, ghouls and goblins since the first issue of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS came blasting in to your newsagents, you must have plenty of good ghostly ideas of your own! So, if you've ever had the urge to put pen to paper and design your very own fiendish phantom, now's your chance!



Just send in your original drawing (and a written description of who or what it is) and the lucky entrant who is chosen after the closing date of Friday, 10th May 1991 will have a story written around their character to appear in a future issue of THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS. So let your imaginations get completely carried away and send your ghastly ghoulish drawing and description to: **DESIGN-A-SPOOK COMPETITION,** THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What do you get if you cross a telescope and a vampire?
A horrorscope!
— Keith Middleton, Swansea

Here are some famous books about the supernatural:
The Vampire's Victim by E. Drew Blood
Foaming at the mouth by Dee Monic
Creature from Mars by A. Lee-En
Ghost story by Denise R. Knockin
Terrible Spells by B. Witcher
— Stephen Morris, Cleethorpes

Why did the stupid spook refuse to use toothpaste?
He insisted that his teeth weren't loose!
— Colin Hammond, Devizes

What is a monster's normal eyesight?
20-20-20-20-20-20!
— Stuart Kemp, Bristol

Did you hear about the girl who got engaged to the poltergeist?
Nobody could see what she saw in him!
— Steve Elliott, Essex

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As you can see, ghosts come in all kinds of shapes and sizes. See how many you can find lurking in the grid below. Each of the words run either horizontally or vertically.

D	O	P	P	E	L	G	A	N	G	E	R	W
E	N	T	I	T	Y	V	A	M	P	I	R	E
M	U	M	M	Y	X	Z	W	O	W	P	S	R
O	B	O	O	M	E	N	R	N	T	Q	P	E
N	S	P	R	I	T	E	A	S	F	D	E	W
Z	U	U	L	V	H	W	I	T	C	H	C	O
O	S	H	A	D	E	M	H	E	I	L	T	L
M	B	S	P	I	R	I	T	R	A	G	R	F
B	A	N	S	H	E	E	L	F	Y	O	E	I
I	T	E	P	H	A	N	T	O	M	B	X	E
E	G	H	O	U	L	G	R	E	M	L	I	N
I	O	J	O	G	R	E	D	E	V	I	L	D
M	N	S	K	E	L	E	T	O	N	N	R	S
P	O	L	T	E	R	G	E	I	S	T	U	B

WITCH	DOPPELGANGER
SPIRIT	WEREWOLF
SPECTRE	MUMMY
ENTITY	BANSHEE
SKELETON	MONSTER
GOBLIN	DEMON
DEVIL	ZOMBIE
OGRE	VAMPIRE
SPRITE	SPOOK
SHADE	PHANTOM
ELF	FIEND
OMEN	POLTERGEIST
BOO	GREMLIN
BAT	GHOUL
ZUUL	ETHEREAL



UCER

Milky Way FREE FLYING SAUCER

Milk chocolate with light whipped nougat centre

COLLECT 15 FLYING SAUCER PANELS AND YOU'VE GOT IT.
THERE'S ONE PANEL ON EVERY SPECIAL SINGLE PACK OF MILKY WAY CHOCOLATE BAR AND TWO PANELS ON A TWIN PACK.
THE FIRST FIVE ARE ALREADY YOURS BY CUTTING OUT THE SPECIAL BONUS PANEL ON THIS BANNER.
WITH A FLYING SAUCER FROM MILKY WAY YOU KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO SAY "WE HAVE LIFT OFF."

-5- FREE FLYING SAUCER TOKENS

the value of 15 points plus 22p in change for p and p. Or send 5 panels plus a cheque/postal order for £1.25 payable to Mars Confectionery panel per application. Applications close 31.12.91. Allow 14 days for delivery. See pack for details.

DEMON DRIVE-IN!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



MANDY THE MECHANIC HAS BUILT A BRAND NEW DEVICE...

